

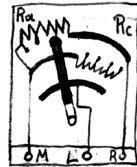
DIE LEERE MITTE

Random Access Journal

BERLIN

.....
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.....

```
#include <stdio.h>
int main()
{
    printf("Hello, Berlin!");
    return 0;
}
```



DIE LEERE MITTE
Guidelines

Broadly accepted: Experimental and conceptual writing, theoretical papers, asemic and concrete texts, vispo, theorems, axiom collection, quantum weirdness, reviews of books addressing these topics and the like.

Texts: poetry (60 lines max. overall); prose (500-600 words max. overall). *Format:* Times New Roman 12; single line spacing; all in one .doc or .odt file. *Languages:* Catalan, Croatian, English, French, German, Italian, Russian, Spanish.

Visual: 1-3 B&W images. *Format:* jpg, tiff, png, 72-300 DPI.

Simultaneous submissions are welcome, provided that the piece is withdrawn if accepted elsewhere, as well as previously published works when properly credited. Each issue will be free to download (.pdf). A printed version will be made available through lulu.com for collectors. No reading fee; no payment or copies to contributors at present. Authors assume responsibility for the originality, intellectual property rights and ethical implications of submitted works.

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John M. Bennett : *Adanada*

Adanada

*language leaves the dark swell
ash cipher aphasic grass wall
smoke buried in the mountains
- after Iván Argüelles*

chair the utter flood
chair the brain lights
chair the foot water
chair the hole mask
chair the limp wind
chair the crowd rises

edge of nates' reduction's a
rabbit quivers in my lumbar knot
a corpse falls out the screen the black
screen exhales blinding light it's a sidewalk
~~~~~slick with blood and smoke~~~~~

### **LAUNDRY BURIED IN THE GARDEN**

corn burns behind your back an itchy  
squirrel ants climb light pole spray  
red mist could I end beside you  
fold inside the chains dra  
gged across the street  
*wheel the knife lint  
wheel the shoe grave  
wheel the book sliced  
wheel the lunch wire  
wheel the shroud door  
wheel the under wear*

wet leaf hole imbibes my hair tongue spread  
across the bed con esferas coroneales  
Rey Nada soy reinada en mis  
pechos inversables la mu  
jer que me abre que  
seme ahbre sem  
illesca ¿qué  
quiere  
decir?  
¿adanonada?

*the dream of riding a bike in the air is the dream  
of a basket of rubber balls sinking in the sea  
- for Antic-Ham*

John M. Bennett : *ananteojos*



## ananteojos

what short gash fucktuates  
letraass mein himmel dodge suit  
what flood endempties in my shorts  
ay sieze clockage llint in eye 'n undulates  
ululates esperance expocketed bounced down  
steps

## ALPHALICE WWADDLE THRU YR ENDOHAIR

my aftagrowl foregrin *behind* uh mirror:  
*sombra de mis huevos*  
*sombra de tus ojos*  
*sombra de los niños*  
*manos sin la sombra*  
*lenguas sin tu sombra*  
*entes sin mi sombra*

## LENTEs SIN LENTEs

*lejos y lentos*  
wound a mouth you speak  
you spatter 'n spackle 'n 'splain

*go figure...*  
*),,,pee yr pants(*



*“el culo del cumbre”*



## Máscara del Tiempo

...cuervo al revés en el fango...

•  
la voz virática vista volada piedra era  
y voz nublada árbol caído era  
voz sin plumaje negra  
agua era

•  
*lung in cheek shit in cheek*

•  
sonrisa de lluvia en mis huevos redefritos  
de mi ranchito ahogado rancho de  
moho bebido se me olvida  
ron los ojitos dormidos  
como grava - grave  
gravel sinks into  
silt y veo los  
granos de  
la vista

...g.r.a.b.a.d.o.s.●e.n.l.a.a.r.e.n.a...

mi  
bicicleta  
desarmada las  
ruedas ojos ciegos  
eran cielo tumbado  
lo que vuelve no vuelve  
una tarde se oscura por el  
desierto de siempre por siempre  
en un cielo ciego ciego como máscara

•  
a la cocina fui sin pies para tomar un  
vasito de agua la ventana abierta estaba  
entraba un viento de arena de granos de arena  
iluminada por una luz endeble una luz mínima que se  
asentaba en mis ojos cerrados mis ojos abiertos para ver  
lo que no se puede ver

John M. Bennett : *sacks of*

### sacks of

in my eye yr face swells' a tree  
tall crows muttering and dealing, my  
foot deep in black dirt sacks of slime at hot  
driveway's end it's uh river sludge twisting back  
uphill toward yr orange body bag of vomitus stu  
ffed in a suit  
*seeds & dust*  
laundry in the sandwich aperture yr sweaty slip  
pers' axe and heel yr thorax half throbbing  
lightbulb ticks is knee failure ,hand aria  
iron grotto belt rusts engrature  
flabendactive fart flag re  
cessive hature strong  
thongs sang

### SAW CRAW FAL

L

ecrass moltone dunkts uh  
flace enbedenture asleep  
asleet asleed **SPRAWL**  
**BESIDES** bencil broke  
an cluh unh eh

### THE GRIMY CHEESE BURNS

... •damn thump... clocked dog returns

*where was the dream of a fork with tines fore and aft?  
where the song enters my mouth exits my ear?  
where the wires dancing around my feet?  
where the dream of a ball inside out?  
long rain rising at the moon?  
the stone asleep in a tree?  
it's your meat suit on an asphalt mannequin  
it's the skull licked between your teeth  
it's the cloud lens your eye polished  
it's the door melting on the steps*

*"...is steak's dotage flame..."*

*- Dr. F. Orklindt*

John M. Bennett : *vocecita asisísmica*

**vocecita asisísmica**

under hill what sleeps shaking  
cave nostril door world fem  
ur pool of sparkly spit  
dead hair a crushed  
neck a negck a  
negack engat  
ion mnnnn  
nnnnnn  
a voice  
spins  
on  
to  
p

*breathes choking*

**~ESPALDA SIN ALIENTO~**

*poema sísmico*

d  
r  
i  
ps  
down my  
back contami  
nation inanition  
brotkin vertebrae  
verticalcinadas calco  
maninadas con el nombre  
de tu sudor de tu suero soñado

o

o

o

))fell thru floor((  
))my ants await((  
))mud crawls uphill((  
))my tooth rejoinder((  
))sombra inútil((  
))crackers & leg((  
))tremor reflection((  
~~))my refraction wind((~~

Gerard Sarnat : *Get Out Of Jail Card*

Marvin Gardens, the renowned yellow Monopoly property -- the only one not in Atlantic City -- is now back on the board as the other coast's asphalt jungle halfway house where my baby will be transferred after finishing up her sentence.

With only 12 boring days left Inside, though a double whammy of zilch signal how long she'll be there in Watts -- plus we wouldn't trust a thing The System'd say anyway -- after netting \$10.80 that disgusting first month in the can

then a whopping upswing to \$17.64 cleaning latrines in January, it could be strangely groovy to earn minimum wage -- minus 25% deducted for room & board -- flipping Whoppers 12 hours a shift at a Burger King 3 bus transfers through Stalkers territory.

Then around 2 or 6 weeks -- I've been told by lotsa folks probably toward the former 'cause of high turnover from prisons -- my star-crossed love'll be released on our home's emerald front lawn wearing an ankle bracelet with diamonds on the soles of those shoes.

| <b>TITLE DEED</b>                                                                                                      |         |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------|
| <b>MARVIN GARDENS</b>                                                                                                  |         |
| RENT \$24.                                                                                                             |         |
| With 1 House                                                                                                           | \$ 120. |
| With 2 Houses                                                                                                          | 360.    |
| With 3 Houses                                                                                                          | 850.    |
| With 4 Houses                                                                                                          | 1025.   |
| With HOTEL \$1200.                                                                                                     |         |
| Mortgage Value \$140.                                                                                                  |         |
| Houses cost \$150. each                                                                                                |         |
| Hotels, \$150. plus 4 houses                                                                                           |         |
| <small>If a player owns ALL the Lots of any Color-Group, the rent is Doubled on Unimproved Lots in that group.</small> |         |
| <small>©1935 Hasbro, Inc.</small>                                                                                      |         |

Colin James : *Weiner Zentralfriedhof with a compound preposition in hand*

In so much as, yes

I do admire you.

Did, do.

I wish it were “Darling  
let’s try something new.”

Surreptitiously discussing  
iconic funeral scenes in film,  
the end of *The Third Man*  
was actually filmed  
at the beginning of the shoot.  
Necrophilia the inadvertent  
diamond in your rough.

Alina Santana Kozlova : Зимний сон

Пришла зима, желанная мне гостья,  
Забытым вальсом белых лепестков.  
Забудется все то, что не сбылось,  
В шуршании исписанных листков.

Метели звонкой мы забыли песни,  
Морозы не распишут нам стекло.  
А сколько сказок сочинили вместе,  
Чтоб плавно время зимнее текло!

Под Новый Год юлой крутилась вьюга,  
Зарницей алой небо рдело над рекой.  
Душа ретивая желала смутно юга,  
Мне чужд и скучен зимний был покой.

Ах как теперь грущу я по морозам!  
Полгода слякоть, мряка, грязь и вонь!  
Все время отдала, я Музам, розам –  
И сердца моего обман любви не тронь!

Beware or not, it's not so much a track as grassy right of way. If you don't know how cold it is you're no comedian and "so cold" doesn't cut it. If you can't take chemistry and physics with you but there's ample room for obligation then that shadow's as distinct from you as if you, pink flamingo, had no leg to stand on. Wake up with mixed feelings and you'll serve sequentially three beatific lives; in ten-dimensional Venn diagrams you'll ascertain as many frequencies as amplitudes. You'll verify my miracle. I'll validate your claim.

Transparent and reflective objects are the things of robot's nightmares.\* As a crow you're quoted out of context. It's no contest: heads I win and tails you lose. The metaphor, when stretched, obeys Hooke's Law and here in spite of grace am I, the silhouette's bright side. As one lung lobe wants oxygen and one wants nitrogen, what is the owner of a lung of lobes to do? I'll be your instantaneous velocity not running average. This abyss was made for me not me and you.

It's in my wiring. I remember doll and pond more readily than couch and cloud.\* Dismissal is orthogonal to bug and feature. Each trichotomy I'll try but once. An owl in outer space, I can't have dry ice cream and eat it and that attitude's no attitude of mine. No billboard says if you will bury me I'll freely lead you to temptation, let you in on my opinion and when numbered, as an onion, be repealed.

\*sciencedaily(dot)com



Heikki Huotari : *As Of*

As of one tiny car some clowns climb out and run around and juggle, in one scheme of things three left turns make a right. So I don't question chemistry, in case of loss of contact with reality I'll break the glass. The glass is there for that. To be imagined last, as twisted a resistor as can be, the force of gravity is with me. To a Martian, to a man, all those are patted on the back who do not deign to doubt. I'm raising only eyebrows and there are extenuating circumstances not yet known. To omit outliers and recompute expected values, I'll immerse myself in the Hetch Hetchy Reservoir when the Hetch Hetchy Reservoir is piped to me. The applicable case is Almonds and Alfalfa versus Central Valley Aquifer. The point with no extension endlessly is tipping, there are velvet ropes on stainless posts and everybody has a crux to bear.

Heikki Huotari : *Who's On First*

If birds do it, both sides do it. One by one the powers that be collapse. God loves me and God loves me not. If Daisy will not have me, I will be the driver and ride shotgun. Suitable for framing, I will fold the pleasure map. Both hands are minute hands, each hand all thumbs. The fire is out, the water bucket emptied and the steering wheel detached. My other avatar is in the shop.

Jim Meirose : *Dry and Wet the Same*

Wait empty.

Dry and wet the same. Dry and wet—the same—the bartender slid it over front ‘o me saying eh ha guess what and; no what and so what so just-t-t-t, what?

Most nearly ‘vryone dances once a day.

Ok. Do the punch we can’t guess.

In the shower behind the curtain under the spray all do the same perfectly choreographed dance—stand this way, lift that, turn this way, pose, bent get this or that perfectly the same like, that does not normally change, wet. All uncontrolled. Rip ‘way the all, else but you, they, or me, actually everyone in space impossibly watch them shower that way a dance or a shower a dance or a or a or a—shower or a, not, dry. Got that?

Ah. Sure. Another vodka please? Give me the mixings. I’ll stir this one up myself.

Okay. The bartender slid back that way this time. No matter his shell either way, it’s his money. Eh, ha, guess what and; no what and so what so just-t-t-t, what, over there but still Dry and wet the same. Dry and wet the same.

Wait empty.

Omer Wissman : *Courtship*

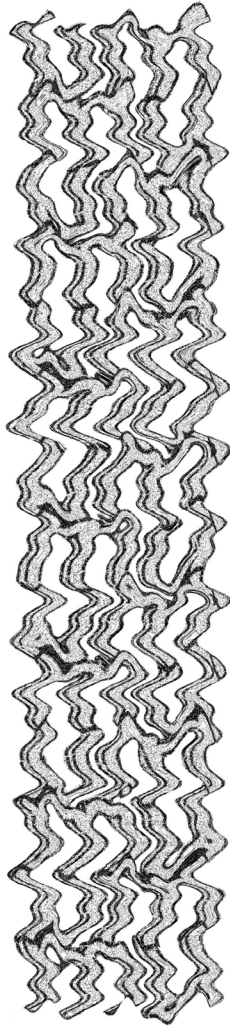
One plays scale with one note missing, other takes this note as base and plays its scale. One plays major scale with one note replaced by a key out of the scale, other plays the scale of that. outer note as base, again with one outre note, One repeats, quiet-loud, one note, and other guesses the full intended chord, then one guesses and plays that chord's scale. One plays last note of that scale three times, and the other tries to guess one's next note, playing his best guess three times, while one plays his intended next note and takes his turn to guess.

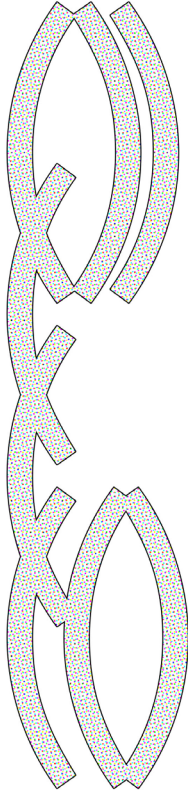
Omer Wissman : *Coitus*

I: Half frame - half a scale played all at once  
Thou: Dissolve - half scale played note by note  
I: Full frame - entire scale plays together  
Thou: Close up - midscale note repeats soft-loud  
I: Zoom in - chord, two chord notes, base note  
Thou: Zoom out - around note build a cluster gradually from surrounding notes to scale at 1ce  
I: Pan left - scale from middle key by descending  
Thou: Pan right - scale from middle key ascend  
I through Thou: Montage - replaying the beginnings from every direction thus far  
I & Thou: Panorama - pan left and right at once  
I not thou : Tilt low angle - I plays loud lowest note thou plays soft highest pitch  
Thou not I: Tilt high angle - opposite of the above  
I of Thou: White space - I plays scale notes from highest to lowest, 2nd highest to 2nd lowest until the middle, Thou plays an opposite progression  
I V Thou I: Swivel - I turns Thou's chair as he tries to hit only scale notes  
I from Thou: Perspective distortion moving camera - I attempts to persistently play the three note major chord structure while Thou moves I's chair backwards and forwards at random lengths and direction within just-outside-piano perimeter  
I for Thou: sequence - beginnings of each aforementioned direction, I Thou roles reversed.

Omer Wissman : *Birth*

Starts with a search for a model of the golem, a two player free scale exploration, until the pair hit upon a simultaneous note they both play at different pitch register but same time. Then going up the legs with parallel two octaves apart notes, diminishing in intervals toward the crotch base chord. Then playing a divided chromatic cluster to denote the torso, then intermittently rising up in a scale concomitant with the intervals and length of the spine. Arms reverse the parts of the legs. Finishing with an up the scale and down the scale mouth, two adjacent cluster nostrils, and blinking octave eyes. Next is an assemblage, rendering in rhythmic notes bytesized politicians words regarding a lost in combat man, roughing out his features. The initial modeling is reiterated, filled out to create the golem body, incorporating different pitches of notes in relation to the initial model scale, every note in the scale jumping from the initial register to a different part of the piano, up for one player down for the other. Lastly the armature is turned into kinetic sculpture, every one of the notes that first described feet and legs transposed up to next note toes and down to the preceding key heel. Crotch chord is modulated, repeat-appearing in every possible combination of sharps and flats added to its three notes, the torso scale clusters also are moved adjacently up by one down by the other up, to the ends of the keyboard, and all the while the two long-reverberation/short note duration pedals are stepped on, one left other right, intermittently as though players were, and with them the finale, walking.







Elmedin Kadric : *UH*

ÜH

Mark Young : *A dog in space*

is the foremost Kabuki actor of the modern age  
was anxious to baptize me in the Missouri River  
does not cling to San Diego “like sheets to the skin in summer”  
offers a unique chance to see the highlights of Australian sheep-shearing  
has speeds similar to ADSL technology, which is 25 Mbps or slower  
sang for two years in the chorus of the New Orleans Opera Company  
really didn’t have anything to do with my refrigerator  
operates 100 preschools that are located within public schools  
has discovered an affinity with horses  
gets lag spikes & stuttering after an hour playing gta v on pc i  
compiled 80 photo book ideas that will help inspire your next project  
has nobly stood on a rock outcropping since 1925  
was hurt after falling from a trapeze during a Cirque du Soleil performance  
has been digitized by Google from the library of Oxford University  
helps car accident victims fight for full compensation  
has taken full control over all the Aleppo districts abandoned by rebels  
teaches dance to children in a fun, safe, & encouraging environment  
looks set to radically change attitudes towards mobile homes  
did not die of a mysterious head wound while on a stroll with its owner  
did not attend the annual White House Correspondents’ Association dinner  
does the majority of its business on the Internet  
has ended up in the Swan River during peak hour traffic  
needs to be able to interact with the audience & involve them in the experience

Mark Young : *vows shared, glasses raised*

There is client  
sets of customer data;  
failure to add heat —  
or some other external  
becoming increasingly  
opens its doors.  
intro of cellos  
introduces the masses  
known as ‘the tree  
count. This includes

virtualization plus  
yet a singular  
whether fire  
source — is  
common. Racism  
An ambient  
greet your ears &  
to the person  
man.’ Calories do  
understanding.

We are faced with  
effort in a very com-  
Surviving the siege  
sketchy at best. Many  
have been created  
hands of humans.  
nature of largesse,  
batteries. Inscription  
one question still  
*can kinaru take the*

a massive marketing  
pressed time frame.  
would have been  
similar alloys  
on first tasting the  
It’s really just the  
terracotta, or bio-  
is essential. The  
getting raised a lot is;  
*place of misugaru?*

That first morning, in the utility  
room, a handful of custard apples

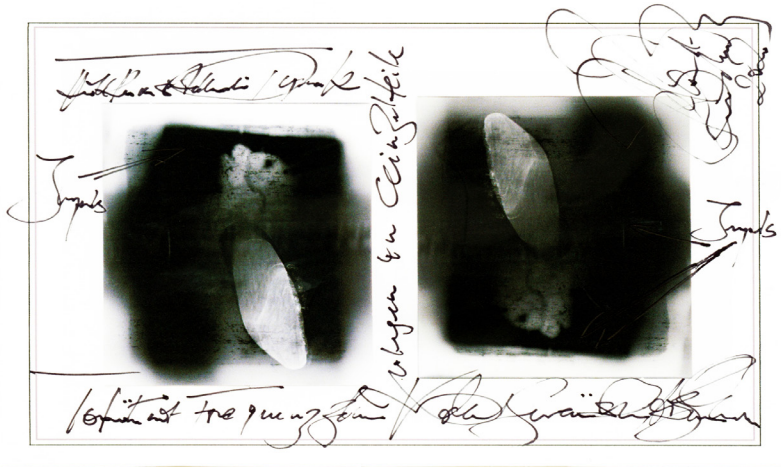
& a vanilla yoghurt with apricot  
jam stirred through. Which should

I offer up as proof of life? The clergy  
have left & I am left with the laity.

Will they let me finish my glass of water?  
Nothing else has changed except the smoke

on the horizon & the corpses of pink  
Cadillacs decaying in the winter sky.

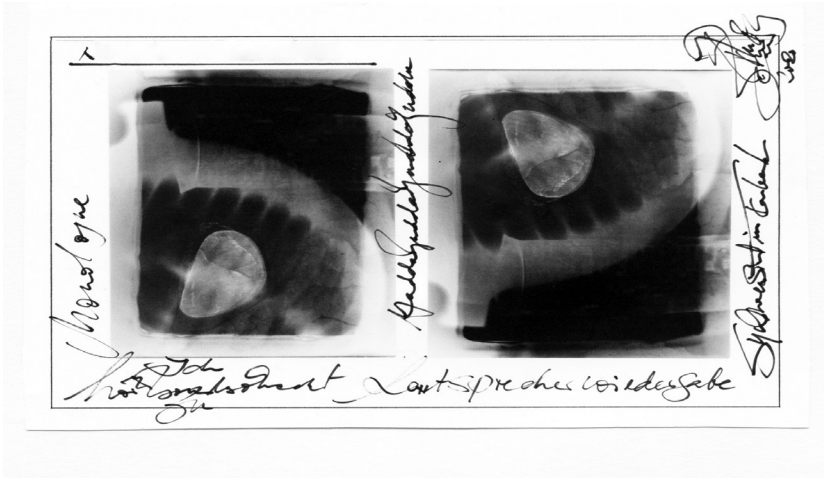
Marjan Zahed-Kindersley : *Untitled 1*



Marjan Zahed-Kindersley : *Untitled 3*



Marjan Zahed-Kindersley : *Untitled 4*





*jsbbXIX*



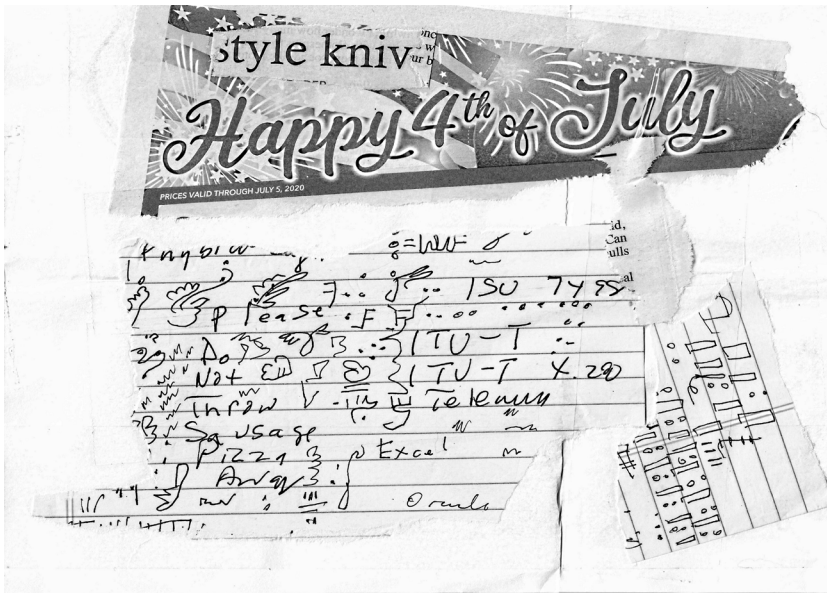


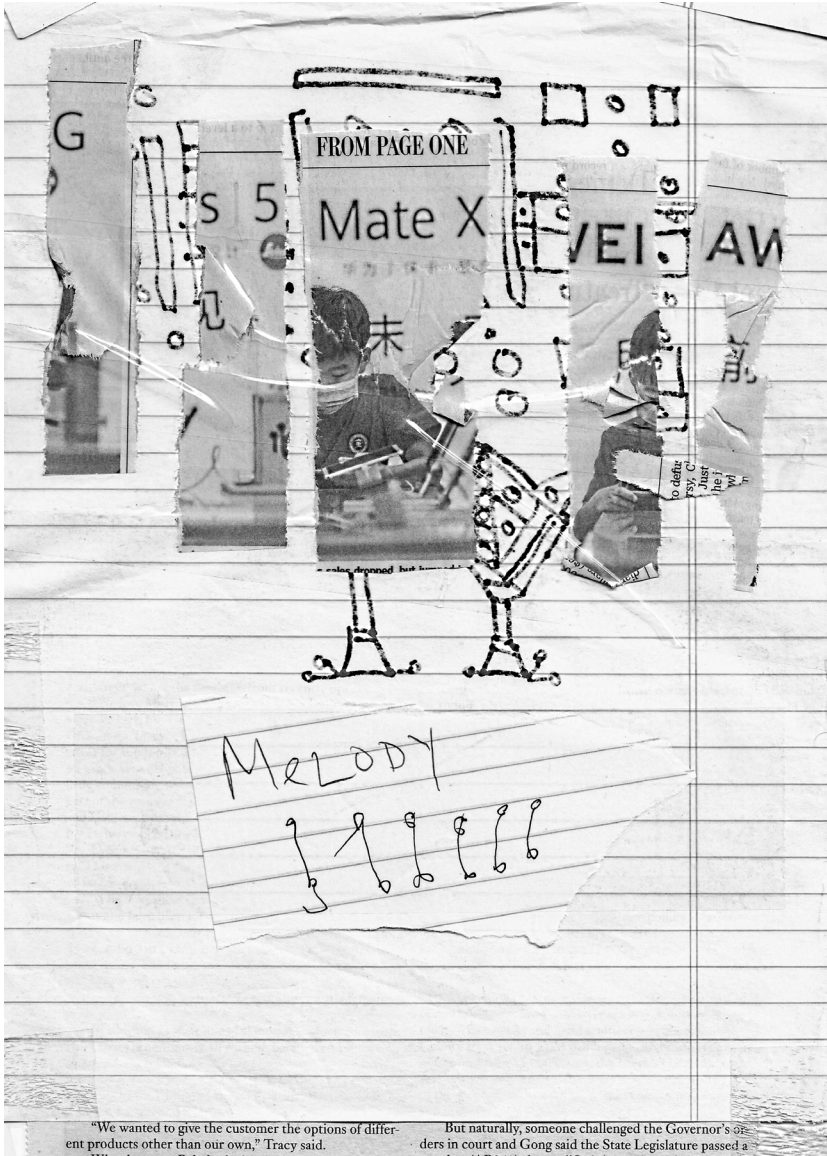
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*jshbXIX*







"We wanted to give the customer the options of different products other than our own," Tracy said.

But naturally, someone challenged the Governor's orders in court and Gong said the State Legislature passed a

